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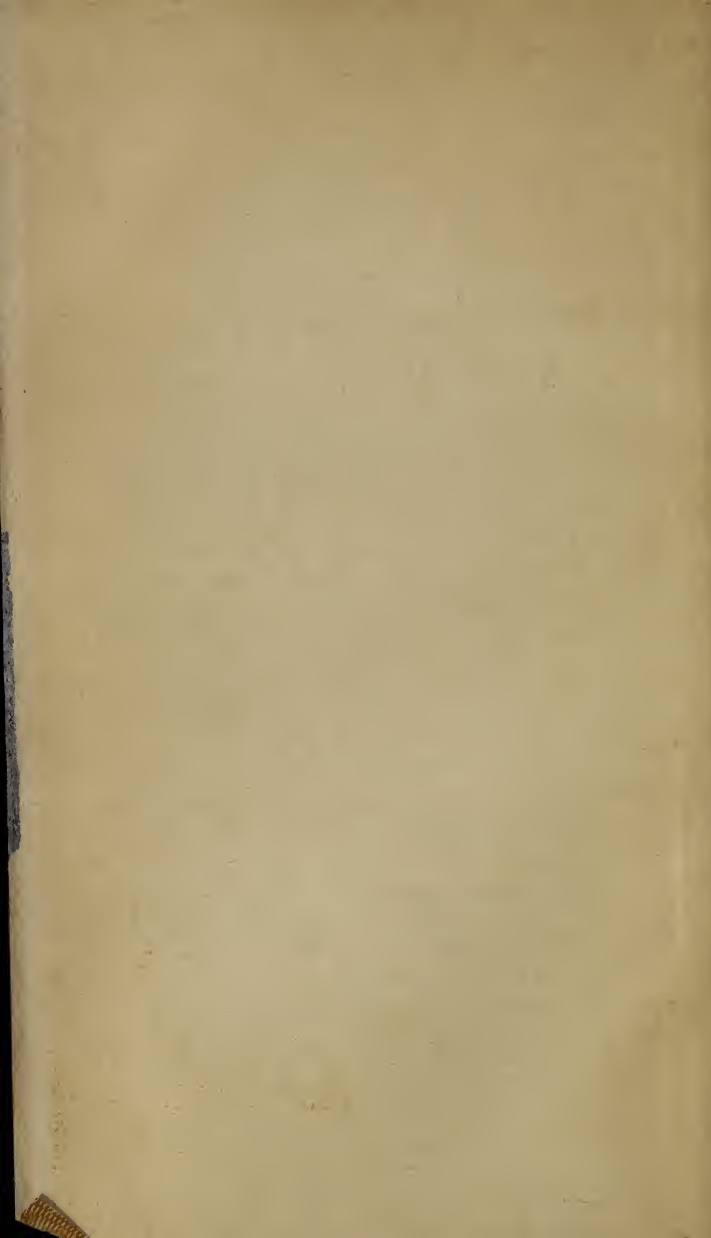


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OPINIONS.

[The following extracts from the periodical press are given in addition to those which appeared in the preceding volumes.]

‘ Among the numerous editions of celebrated authors which have lately been introduced to the public in an illustrated form, we know of none more deserving, or likely to become popular, than the one before us. Though all Boydell’s plates are not equally excellent, nevertheless in the manner in which the present edition is got up, viz. in outline, the effect is almost invariably good. The typography is so beautiful, and the paper and manner of getting up so excellent, that this must be considered the cheapest and best edition of the bard of Avon extant. These united claims to patronage cannot be resisted; and we are certain, that before the work is completed, it will find its way into the boudoir of every lady, and the library of every gentleman; at least, if it does not, it ought.’—*Monthly Magazine*.

‘ When completed, this will be an elegant work, delivered to the reader at a moderate price, in a form that will be at once portable in size, and highly respectable in appearance.’—*Imperial Magazine*.

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‘ Les avis sont partagés sur le succès que doit obtenir cette

nouvelle édition sortie des presses de Mr. Valpy. Tout le monde, dit-on, à son Shakspeare ; c'est vrai ; mais cette nouvelle édition ne vieillit-elle pas de vingt ans toutes les anciennes, et ne les rend-elle pas, si non inutiles, du moins incomplètes ? Il existe certainement un grand nombre de Shakspeare (je veux parler des éditions) ; mais aucun ne réunit, comme celui que nous avons sous les yeux, tous les accessoires inséparables d'un grand génie.'—*Le Perroquet*.

'We are truly glad to see what we may term the most English and national of all English works proceed in so satisfactory a manner as it does. It is a proof at once of the splendid and tasteful manner in which the work is published, and of the existence of a sound taste in the reading community for what is at once *great, natural, and sublime*. The beauty and clearness of the illustrations are not excelled by those of any other work hitherto published.'—*Morning Advertiser*.

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'The work is got up with great taste, the glossarial notes are judiciously selected, and the general execution is excellent. Upon the whole, we consider it as highly deserving of public patronage, as the cheapest and most elegant edition of the immortal bard's productions now extant. Without it no gentleman's library can be perfect.'—*Bell's Messenger*.

'A work that, from its cheapness and its beauty, and the taste and judgment displayed by the editor, will shortly supersede every other edition that has been published. It is

worthy the fame of the immortal Shakspeare.'—*Berwick Advertiser*.

'Never were the beautiful conceptions of this incomparable poet more beautifully or strikingly illustrated than in this new edition. We have seen many editions of the works of our distinguished dramatis., accompanied by very splendid pictorial illustrations; but we do not remember to have seen one in all respects so much entitled to popular regard. It is not merely beautiful, but unique.'—*Sunderland Herald*.

'We cannot say too much in praise of this publication: it is every way worthy of the immortal bard; the name of Shakspeare is, indeed, honored by this edition. The plates are splendidly executed: and thus the magnificent undertaking of Boydell may be had in miniature at a very trifling cost.'—*Plymouth Herald*.

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'This new edition of Shakspeare is worthy to be placed by the side of the illustrated edition of Byron's works; and will be a proper tribute to the Bard of Avon, who is certainly entitled to the grateful aspirations of every lover of English literature. The illustrations are in the first style of engraving, and the work will be hailed with delight by all the admirers of Shakspeare.'—*Durham Advertiser*.

'We view with pleasure the progress of this work. It is,

without question, the cheapest and the best edition of Shakspeare for the general reader that has ever appeared.'—*Devonshire Chronicle*.

'Of the text, it need but be said that the classical taste of the editor has enabled him to adopt the most approved readings from the most approved edition; and he has thus furnished, as nearly as is possible, what we may consider the pure ore of the immortal author. Numerous editions of Shakspeare have of late years made their appearance,—some in one, and some in numerous volumes. To most of these it may be objected, that the respective volumes are either inconvenient in size, or so minute in typography, as to strain the eyes of the young, and defy the efforts of the eyes of the old. Here, however, we have our standard favorite in an elegant portable shape, and, independent of the illustrations, in a type so distinct and intelligible, that 'he who sees may read.'—*Preston Chronicle*.

'Every thing in this edition of our immortal bard is judicious and excellent. The public will find it at once the most correct, the most attractive, the most useful, and the cheapest that has ever issued from the press.'—*Carnarvon Herald*.

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of Shakspeare's fantasies, and to have shadowed forth, in palpable forms, imaginings of the most ethereal and extravagant description.'—*Scots Times*.

'In this age of duodecimo, when every branch of literature, from theology to romance, is pressed into cabinet dimensions; all who would wish—and who would not wish?—to enrich their shelves with a cheap and elegant edition of Shakspeare, will purchase this beautiful production of the press. The public has been surfeited with the mass of commentary upon commentary, by which the beauties of the author have been overlaid in the best editions of late years; and the heavy two-column page of the single volume is a most repulsive garb for the Poet of Nature: such a publication as this, therefore, was a *desideratum*, and will no doubt be highly acceptable. No one need seek the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in a more delightful form than that in which it is presented by the volume last published, with its wild and fanciful imaginings bodied forth by the hands of Fuseli and Reynolds. The frontispiece of Puck on the Toad-stool ought alone to sell it. We never saw higher effect in Flaxman's or Retsch's outlines.'—*Bury and Norwich Post*.

'The very spirited manner in which the etchings in the third volume of Shakspeare's works is executed, combined with the clearness and beauty of its typography, must render this edition of the plays of our unrivalled dramatist both an elegant and valuable appendage to the library of every reader.'—*Ipswich Journal*.

'This is, beyond all comparison, not merely the cheapest, but the most elegant edition extant of the plays and poems of our immortal bard.'—*Liverpool Albion*.

'The typography and embellishments are in the first style of excellence: they merit and will receive the most extensive

public patronage. The volumes are handsomely bound up in the style of the popular productions of the day, and their beauty and cheapness must ensure them a rapid sale and a welcome reception.'—*Royal Cornwall Gazette*.

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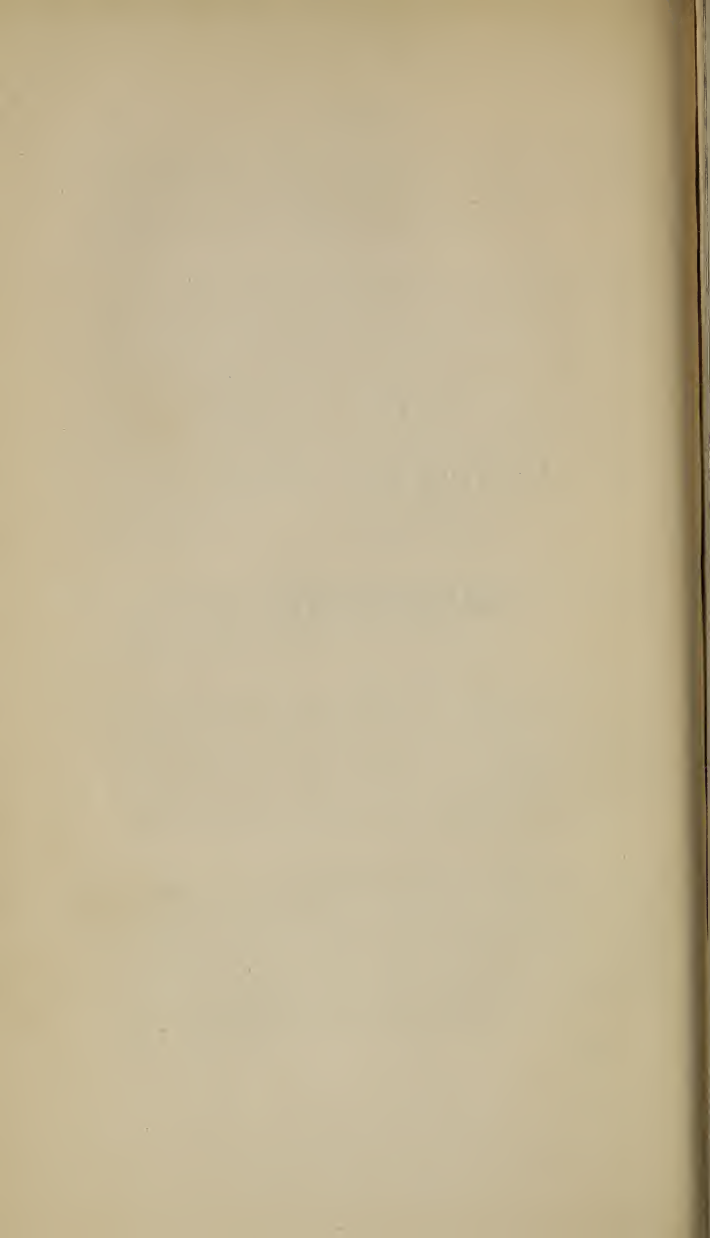
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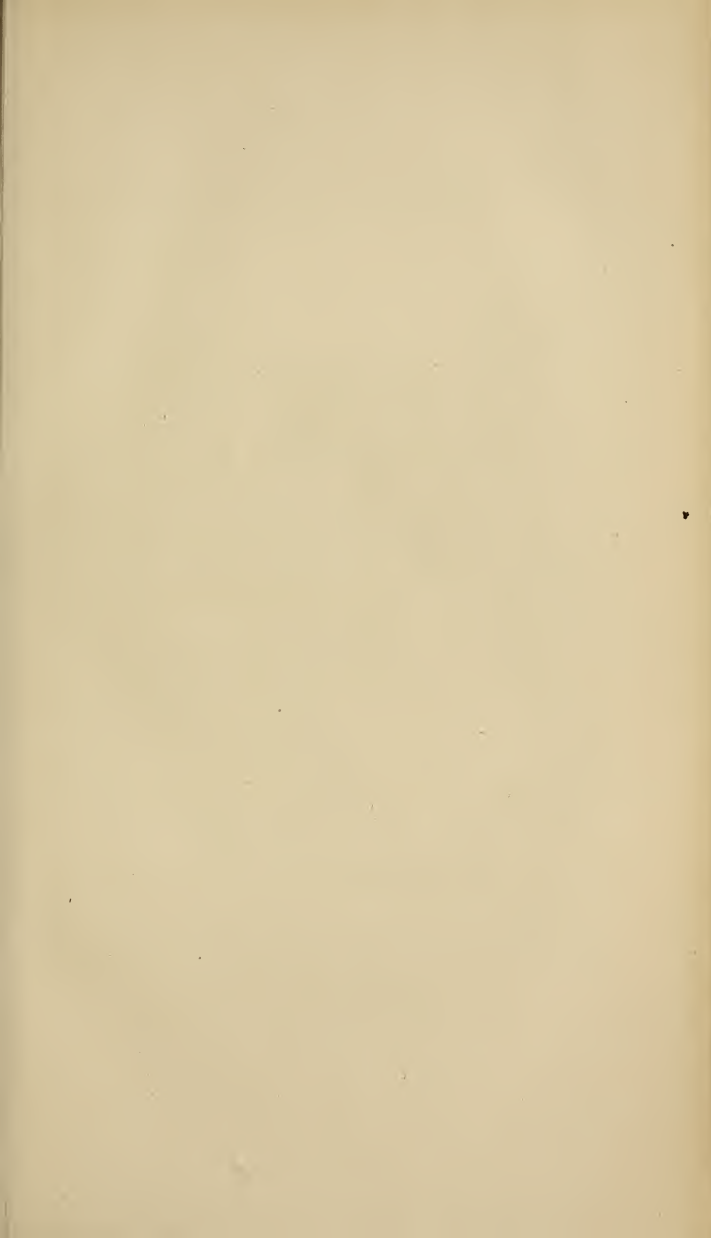
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‘This is a most delightful edition of the works of the illustrious dramatist. The manner in which it is printed confers the highest honor on the Valpy press, and the embellishments are executed with a spirit and delicacy, which cannot, we imagine, be surpassed in their peculiar line of art. The work, we should hope, and confidently anticipate, will have a most extensive sale.’—*Western Flying Post*.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IV.







Peters del.

Starling sc

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Hero, Ursula & Beatrice.

Act III. Scene I.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

SHAKSPEARE,


WITH A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES,

AND ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM THE PLATES IN BOYDELL'S EDITION.

EDITED BY A. J. VALPY, M.A.
LATE FELLOW OF PEMB. COLL., OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.
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May, 1873

When lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground ;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;—
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
The elemental war.

AKENSIDE.

Were understanding, acuteness, and profoundness of thought, (in so far as these are necessary for the characterising of human life) to be considered as the first qualities of a poet, there is none worthy to be compared with Shakspeare. Other poets have endeavored to transport us, at least for a few moments, into another and an ideal condition of mankind ; but Shakspeare is the master of reality.

SCHLEGEL.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

	PAGE
TWELFTH NIGHT	1
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	115
AS YOU LIKE IT	231

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

	PAGE
1. Hero, Ursula, and Beatrice, (Much Ado About Nothing,) from a Painting by <i>Peters</i> . Frontispiece.	

TWELFTH NIGHT.

2. Olivia, Viola, and Maria.— <i>Hamilton</i>	29
3. Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.— <i>Ditto</i>	39
4. Olivia, Maria, Malvolio, &c.— <i>Ramberg</i>	71
5. Sebastian, Olivia, and Priest.— <i>Hamilton</i>	96
6. Duke, Viola, Olivia, &c.— <i>Ditto</i>	104

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

7. Borachio, Conrade, and Watchmen.— <i>Wheatley</i>	180
8. Leonato, Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, &c.— <i>Hamilton</i>	192
9. Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, &c.— <i>Smirke</i>	201
10. Claudio, Hero, Benedick, Beatrice, &c.— <i>Wheatley</i>	226

AS YOU LIKE IT.

11. Rosalind, Celia, Orlando, &c.— <i>Downman</i>	252
12. Jaques and Amiens.— <i>Hodges</i>	262
13. Orlando and Adam.— <i>Smirke</i>	275
14. Orlando and Oliver.— <i>West</i>	328
15. Rosalind, Celia, and Oliver.— <i>Smirke</i>	330
16. Duke Senior, Orlando, Oliver, Celia, Rosalind, &c.— <i>Hamilton</i>	345

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
TWELFTH NIGHT.

The comic scenes of this play appear to have been intirely the production of our author ; while the serious part is founded on a story in the fourth volume of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, which he took from *Bandello*. Malone, however, is of opinion that the plot of this comedy was rather derived from *The Historie of Apolonius and Silla* ; which tale is to be found in a collection, by Barnaby Rich, which first appeared in the year 1583. But little doubt can remain of the identity of the story of *Bandello* with the incidents of *Twelfth Night*, after a perusal of the comparison of both compositions from the pen of Mrs. Lennox :—

‘ Sebastian and Viola, in the play, are the same with Paolo and Nicuola in the novel : both are twins, and both remarkably like each other. Viola is parted from her brother by a shipwreck, and supposes him to be drowned ; Nicuola loses her brother at the sacking of Rome, and for a long time is ignorant whether he is alive or dead. Viola serves the duke, with whom she is in love, in the habit of a page ; Nicuola, in the same disguise, attends Lattantio, who had forsaken her for Catella. The duke sends Viola to solicit his mistress in his favor ; Lattantio commissions Nicuola to plead for him with Catella. The duke's mistress falls in

love with Viola, supposing her to be a man; and Catella, by the like mistake, is enamored of Nicuola: and, lastly, the two ladies in the play, as well as in the novel, marry their lovers whom they had waited on in disguise, and their brothers wed the ladies who had been enamored of them.'

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic: he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.'

A R G U M E N T.

Sebastian and Viola, twin children of a gentleman of Messina, and remarkable for an exact resemblance of features, being deprived of both their parents, quit their native country : they are encountered at sea by a violent tempest, which destroys the vessel and most of the crew, while Viola, the captain, and a few passengers betake themselves to the boat, which conveys them in safety to the sea-coast of Illyria. The lady, thus deprived of her brother, clothes herself in male attire, and enters into the service of Prince Orsino, who is at this time engaged in the unsuccessful pursuit of a neighboring lady, named Olivia. The talents of the disguised page soon render her so great a favorite of her master, that she is selected to intercede with the obdurate Olivia ; who, though deaf to the solicitations of the prince, is seised with a sudden passion for the domestic, which meets with a repulse. Viola, on her return home, is waylaid by a foolish suitor of Olivia, favored by her uncle, who persuades him to challenge the youth, in order to beget in his mistress a favorable opinion of his courage. Viola, as may well be supposed, is averse to a rencontre of this description ; when she is rescued from her embarrassment by the arrival of a sea captain, who, having saved her brother Sebastian from the wreck, had since supplied him with considerable sums of money for his exigencies ; but, in consequence of an unexpected arrest, is compelled to solicit a moiety of the loan : he accordingly applies to Viola, believing that he is addressing his friend ; and, when she denies all knowledge of his person, reproaches her with her ingratitude. In the mean time, Sebastian arrives ; and the foolish knight, with his confederate, supposing him to be the page of Orsino, who had before declined the combat, assault him ; but their violence is repaid with interest, and the combatants are parted by Olivia, whose advances to the supposed page are now received with mutual affection, and they are married without delay. Viola, arriving soon after with her master at the house of Olivia, is mistaken by the lady for her husband, by whose appearance the mystery is at length cleared up, and Viola is united to the prince.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola,

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A SEA CAPTAIN, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
CLOWN, }

OLIVIA, a rich countess.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other
Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords ; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.—Enough ; no more ;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity ¹ and pitch soe'er,

¹ Value.

But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.¹

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke.

What, Curio ?

Cur.

The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purged the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news from
her ?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years heat,²
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine
frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

¹ Fantastical to the height.

² Heated.

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
'These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king !—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers :
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, CAPTAIN, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd.—What think you,
sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were
saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance, may
he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and
born

Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence ;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died ; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady ;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,

What my estate is.¹

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously)
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise, as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke :
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him ;
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow² me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ 'I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.'—Johnson.

² Approve.

SCENE III.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.¹

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall² a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

¹ A ludicrous use of the formal law phrase.

² Stout, courageous.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,¹ and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril,² that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.³ What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;⁴ for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

¹ A fashionable musical instrument in our author's time.

² A coward-cock.

³ A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.

⁴ Probably a cant term, expressive of jollity or contempt.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir An. Sir Toby Belch! How now, sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir An. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir An. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir An. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir An. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir An. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir An. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir An. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar,¹ and let it drink.

¹ To the door of the pantry.

Sir An. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir An. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir An. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir An. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir An. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir An. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir An. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir An. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir An. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. 'Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir An. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir An. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.¹

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard,² knight?

Sir An. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir An. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? where-

¹ I will not claim much experience.

² A sprightly dance, so called.

fore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? ¹ Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? ² My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. ³ What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir An. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. ⁴ Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

Sir An. Taurus? that's sides and heart. ⁵

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he

¹ Alluding to the notorious Mary Frith, commonly called Mall Cutpurse.

² A jig.

³ A cinque-pace, the name of a dance.

⁴ Stocking.

⁵ In allusion to the medical astrology still preserved in some almanacks.

hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors ?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho ?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord ; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait¹ unto her :
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord ; what
then ?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love ;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith :
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;

¹ Go thy ways.

She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ;¹ thy small pipe
Is, as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.²
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four or five, attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best,
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,

To woo your lady : yet, [*aside.*] a barful strife !³
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may

¹ Ruddy.

² Thy proper part in a play would be a woman's.

³ A contest full of impediments.

enter, in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me : he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten¹ answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colors.

Clown. Where, good mistress Mary ?

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent : or, to be turned away ;—is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.²

Mar. You are resolute then ?

Clown. Not so neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.³

¹ Short and spare.

² During which season I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.

³ Points were metal hooks fastening the hose or breeches.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *[Exit.]*

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clown. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna,¹ that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what

¹ *Italian*, mistress, dame.

remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.¹

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,² that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,³ for thou speakest well of fools.

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing

¹ Fools' baubles.

² Short arrows.

³ Lying.

but madman. Fie on him ! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool : whose scull Jove cram with brains ; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.¹

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin ?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman ? What gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings !²—How now, sot ?

Clown. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery ? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry ; what is he ?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool ?

Clown. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a mad-

¹ A membrane covering the substance of the brain.

² Jack-puddings.

man : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou, and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink ; he's drowned : go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you : I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowlege of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,¹ and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he ?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young

¹ Kings' proclamations and other public acts were formerly affixed to posts at the door of the sheriff.

enough for a boy ; as a squash¹ is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling² when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him ev'n standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly : one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face.

We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn :

¹ An immature peascod.

² A codling anciently meant an immature apple. The fruit at present so denominated was unknown to our gardens in the time of Shakspeare.

I am very comptible,¹ even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping² a dialogue.

¹ Ready to give account.

² Wild, mad.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?



Hamilton del.

Starling sc.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Olivia Viola & Maria.

Act I. Scene V.

Vio. To answer by the method,¹ in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present:² is't not well done? [*unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent,³ whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

¹ Methodically. ² Probably, presents, i. e. represents.

³ Blended, mixed together.

My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love
him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd,¹ free, learn'd, and valiant ;
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons² of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Holla your name to the reverberate³ hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

¹ Well spoken of by the world.

² Cantos, verses.

³ Echoing.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post,¹ lady ; keep your purse :
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage ?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.'—I'll be sworn thou art ;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon.²—Not too fast :—
soft ! soft !

Unless the master were the man.—How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

¹ Messenger.

² Proclamation of thy perfections.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's¹ man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe:²
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not,
that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly
over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your
leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a
bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them
on you.

¹ The count's.

² Possess; i. e. we are not our own masters.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir ; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express¹ myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo ; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of : he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the Heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended ! but, you, sir, altered that ; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,² overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her ; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

¹ Reveal.

SHAK.

² With such esteem and wonder.

1V.

C

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive¹ it so.

¹ Understand.

Vio. She took the ring of me ! I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ;
and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not,
be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her. What means this
lady ?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her !
She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.¹

She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.

I am the man.—If it be so, (as 'tis)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy² does much.

How easy is it, for the proper-false³

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we ;

For, such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge ?⁴ My master loves her dearly ;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

¹ Her fixed and eager view of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.

² The dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind.

³ The fair deceiver.

⁴ Suit.

What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I:
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*,¹ thou know'st,—

Sir An. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir An. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir An. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

¹ *Saluberrimum est*, i. e. early rising is most wholesome.

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three? ¹

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir An. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.² I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; ³ hadst it?

Clown. I did impetico thy gratillity; ⁴ for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock.⁵ My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons ⁶ are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir An. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir An. There's a testril⁷ of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life? ⁸

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

¹ Loggerheads be.

² Voice. ³ Mistress. ⁴ Impocket thy gratuity.

⁵ A whipstock is the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself.

⁶ Myrmidon was a cant term for officers of justice.

⁷ Sixpence. ⁸ A song of a moral turn.

Sir An. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clown. O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir An. Excellent good, i' faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

Clown. What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What 's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty :¹
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir An. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir An. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed ?² Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver ?³ shall we do that ?

¹ Probably a phrase of endearment.

² Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

³ Dr. Warburton conjectures that allusion is here made to the peripatetic philosophy, which supposed man to be endowed with three souls ; the vegetative or plastic, the animal, and the rational. Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time.



Hamilton del.

Starling sc.

TWELFTH NIGHT

*Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek & Maria.
Act II. Scene III.*

Sir An. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog' at a catch.

Clown. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir An. Most certain: let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clown. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir An. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir An. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*they sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,¹ we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,² and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley,³ lady! 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!' [singing.]

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir An. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dis-

¹ Romancer.

² The name of an old song.

³ An interjection of contempt.

posed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. 'O' the twelfth day of December,'—

[*singing.*]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad, or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' ¹ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up! ²

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clown. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

¹ Botchers of old clothes and shoes were called coziers.

² Go, and hang yourself.

Mal. Is't even so ?

Sir To. ' But I will never die.'

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. ' Shall I bid him go ? ' *[singing.]*

Clown. ' What an if you do ? '

Sir To. ' Shall I bid him go, and spare not ? '

Clown. ' O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' time ? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward ? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ? ¹

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne ; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums.²—A stoop of wine, Maria !

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule : ³ she shall know of it, by this hand. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the field ; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight ; I'll write thee a chal-

¹ It was the custom on holydays to feed on cakes and ale in honor of the day.

² Stewards were accustomed to wear a gilt chain, the best method of cleaning which is by rubbing it with crums.

³ Method of life.

lenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,¹ and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us,² possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir An. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned³ ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:⁴ the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

¹ Byword.

² Inform us.

³ Affected.

⁴ A swarth is as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreasure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter, we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir An. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir An. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir An. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.¹

Sir An. Before me,² she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

¹ Amazon.

² A popular adjuration.

Sir An. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir An. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.¹

Sir An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected² terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

¹ Horse.

² Studied.

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio.*—*Music.*

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor ¹ that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favor.²

Duke. What kind of woman is 't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i' faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven ! Let still the woman
take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him ;
So sways she level in her husband's heart :
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

¹ Countenance.

² Leave.

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO, and CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come ; the song we had last
night :—

Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free ¹ maids, that weave their thread with
bones,²

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,³
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.⁴

Clown. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*music.*

SONG.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress⁵ let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath :
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

¹ Cheerful.

² Lace-makers.

³ It is plain, simple truth.

⁴ Ages past.

⁵ In a shroud of cypress.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it :
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.¹

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing,
sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffata,² for thy mind is a very opal !³—I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that their
business might be every thing, and their intent
every where ; for that 's it, that always makes a
good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*

¹ ' Though death is a part in which every one acts his share,
yet of all these actors no one is so true as I.'—Johnson.

² A species of thin silk.

³ A precious stone of various colors.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune :
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks¹ her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much : they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

¹ Adorns.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe :¹

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We men may say more, swear more ; but, indeed,

Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not.—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,

My love can give no place, bide no denay.² [*Exeunt.*

¹ Have.

² Denial.

SCENE V.

Olivia's garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and*
FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir An. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my metal of India?¹

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behavior to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative

¹ My wench of gold.

idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*the men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit Maria.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy,¹ it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets² under his advanced plumes!

Sir An. Slight, I could so beat the rogue!—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir An. Pistol him, pistol him!

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't: the lady of the strachy³ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir An. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows him.⁴

¹ Incline to love.

² Struts.

³ Probably, robes, from the Italian word *straccio*, signifying clouts, tatters.

⁴ Puffs him up.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,¹ where I left Olivia sleeping:—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state; and, after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs:—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,² yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having

¹ Couch.

² Though it is the greatest pain for us to keep silence.

cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech :—'

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. ' You must amend your drunkenness ;'—

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of the plot.

Mal. ' Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight ;'—

Sir An. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. ' One sir Andrew.'

Sir An. I knew, 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here ?

[*taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace ! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him !

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very *Cs*, her *Us*, and her *Ts* ; and thus makes she her great *Ps*. It is, in contempt of question,¹ her hand.

Sir An. Her *Cs*, her *Us*, and her *Ts*. Why that ?

Mal. [*reads.*] ' To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes : ' her very phrases !—By your leave, wax !—Soft !—and the impressure her Lucrece,

¹ Beyond all doubt.

with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] 'Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.'

'No man must know.'—What follows? the numbers altered!—'No man must know:'—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!¹

Mal. 'I may command, where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I doth sway my life.'—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniel² checks³ at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.⁴ There is no obstruction in this.—And the end;—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could

¹ Badger.

² Hawk.

³ Flies.

⁴ To any one in his senses.

make that resemble something in me!—Softly!—
'M, O, A, I.—'

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter¹ will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I.'—This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose:—'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands;

¹ The name of a hound.

let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough,¹ and appear fresh. Be opposite² with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She, that would alter services with thee,

‘The fortunate-unhappy.’

Day-light and champion³ discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be, point-de-vice,⁴ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on.

¹ A slough signifies the skin of a snake.

² Hostile.

³ Open country.

⁴ With the utmost exactness.

Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a post-script. ‘Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr’ythee.’ Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:—

Sir An. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o’ my neck?

Sir An. Or o’ mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,¹ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir An. I’ faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport,

¹ Probably some game at tables, or draughts.

mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir An. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies¹ by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by the tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

¹ Dwells.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril¹ glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir; I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

¹ Kid.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun : it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress : I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir ; 'tis well begged.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar ; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin ; I might say, element ; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool ;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time ;
And, like the haggard,¹ check² at every feather

¹ An ill-trained hawk.

² Fly.

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labor as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir An. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir An. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece
is desirous you should enter, if your trade ¹ be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she
is the list ² of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste ³ your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance :
but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain
odors on you !

Sir An. That youth's a rare courtier ! 'Rain
odors !' well.

¹ Business.

² Boundary, limit.

³ Try.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant¹ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir An. 'Odors,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed :'
—I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*

Give me your hand, sir,

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment :
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be
yours ;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf :—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;
I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send,

¹ Ready.

After the last enchantment you did here,¹
A ring in chase of you ; 'so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think ?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your
receiving²

Enough is shown ; a cyprus,³ not a 'bosom,
Hides my heart. So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That 's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise ;⁴ for 'tis a vulgar proof,⁵
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile
again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf ! [*clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth ! I will not have you :
And, yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :

¹ After the last enchantment your presence worked in my affections.

² Ready apprehension.

³ A thin transparent stuff.

⁴ Step.

⁵ The experience of every day shows.

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe !
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship !
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid ; love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre¹ all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter :
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

¹ In spite of.

And so adieu, good madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps, mayst
move,
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir An. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir An. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors
to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed
upon me ; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell
me that.

Sir An. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
toward you.

Sir An. Slight ! will you make an ass o' me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men,
since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in your
sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dor-

mouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

Sir An. And't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist¹ as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valor.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir An. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst² and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall

¹ Famous separatists in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

² Petulant.

not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware¹ in England, set 'em down : go ; about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir An. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the *cubiculo*.² Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad ; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him : but you 'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes³ cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine⁴ comes.

¹ In Hertfordshire, large enough to contain forty persons.

² Chamber.

³ Waggon-ropes.

⁴ The smallest of the brood. Maria is represented of diminutive stature.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favor.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel,

Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
But, were my worth,¹ as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying

¹ Wealth.

What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out ;
For which, if I be lapsed ¹ in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my
purse :

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
lege

With viewing of the town : there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

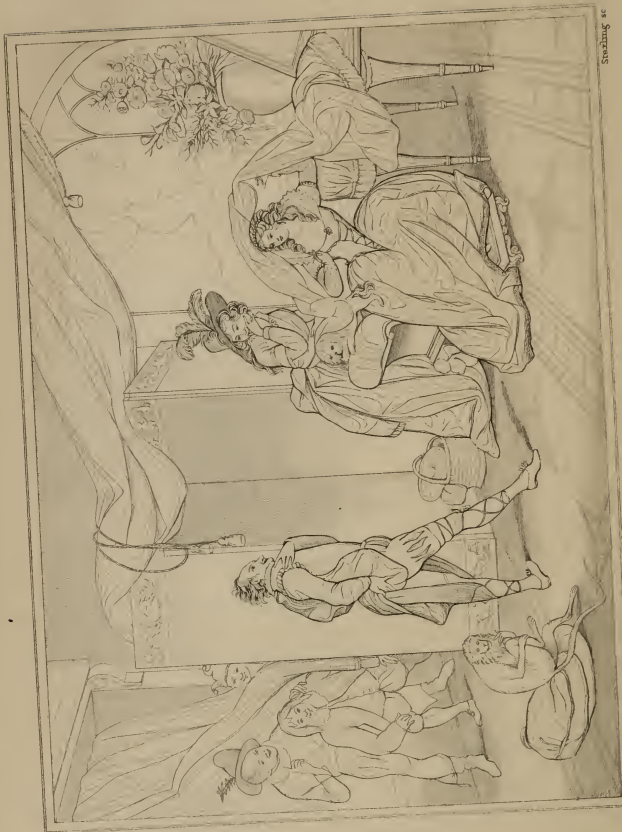
Olivia's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : he says, he'll come.
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?

¹ Caught.





TWELFTH NIGHT
Olivia, Maria & Malvolio

Ramberg del.

Stodding sc

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil, ¹

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is;—
'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my

¹ Solemn and grave.

legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:'—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. 'Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.¹

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;—'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state;—put thyself into the trick of singularity;'—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her;² but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to.' Fellow!³ not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.

¹ Hot weather often injures the brain, to which, perhaps, allusion is here made.

² Entangled her, as a bird is caught with birdlime.

³ Companion.

Why, every thing adheres together ; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,——What can be said ? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir ? how is't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off ; I discard you ; let me enjoy my private : go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

Sir To. Go to, go to ; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him ; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is't with you ? What, man ! defy the devil : consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say ?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart ! Pray God, he be not bewitched !

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock?¹ how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy,² come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit³ with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!⁴

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

¹ A corruption for *beau coq*, jolly cock.

² Word of endearment.

³ A play among boys of pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.

⁴ A term of the highest reproach in our author's time, when colliers were accounted great cheats.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.¹

Sir An. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir An. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

¹ When metrical interludes and morris-dances were exhibited.

Fab. A good note : that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou liest in thy throat ; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. 'I will waylay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——'

Fab. Good.

Sir To. 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Good.

Sir To. 'Fare thee well ; and God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

' ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.'

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't : he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff : so soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged

off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir An. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honor too unchary¹ out.
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

¹ Uncautiously.

Vio. With the same 'havior that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel¹ for me; 'tis my picture :

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I 'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well :

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't :
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him,
I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite,
bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard
end : dismount thy tuck,² be yare³ in thy prepa-
ration, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath

¹ Ornament.

² Rapier.

³ Nimble.

any quarrel to me : my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration ;¹ but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hob nob is his word ; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor : belike, this is a man of that quirk.²

Sir To. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle

¹ No soldier by profession, but created a knight on some festival occasion, when the person thus honored received the dignity kneeling on a carpet.

² Sort.

you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ;¹ but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite² that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him ? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't : I am one, that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight : I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a firago.³ I had a pass with him, rapier,

¹ Decision.

SHAK.

² Adversary.

IV.

³ For virago.

F

scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,¹ with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir An. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir An. Plague on 't! an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to Fab.*] to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;² and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for

¹ *Stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

² He has as horrid a conception of him.

the supportance of his vow : he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[*aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there 's no remedy : the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello¹ avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to 't.

Sir An. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [draws.

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [draws.

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me :

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [drawing.

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,² I am for you. [draws.

Enter TWO OFFICERS.

Fab. O, good sir Toby, hold ; here come the officers.

¹ By the laws of duelling.

² Take on yourself another's quarrel.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [to Antonio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.
[to sir Andrew.

Sir An. Marry, will I, sir ;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man ; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot ; I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away : he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking
you :

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
What will you do ? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having¹ is not much.

¹ Fortune, possessions.

I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?
Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves !

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us ? The time goes by ;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this
god !——
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflorish'd ¹ by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad ; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers, with Antonio.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion
fly,

That he believes himself ; so do not I.²

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian : we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian : I my brother know
Yet living in my glass : ³ even such, and so
In favor was my brother ; and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love !

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare : his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him ; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

¹ Ornamented.

² ' Probably, I do not believe myself, when, from this accident, I gather hopes of my brother's life.'—Johnson.

³ From our near resemblance.

Sir An. Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir An. An I do not,—— [Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The street before Olivia's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow :
Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. —Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else :
Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.¹—I pr'ythee now, un-

¹ Affectation and foppery will overspread the world.

gird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,¹ depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.— These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.²

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir An. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [*beating sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*holding Sebastian.*]

Sir An. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come,

¹ A term for bawd or pander.

² The highest price for land in Shakspeare's time.

my young soldier, put up your iron : you are well
fleshed :¹ come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now ?

If thou darest tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

[*draws.*

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of my
sight !

Be not offended, dear Cesario :——

Rudesby,² be gone !—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent³

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go.

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

¹ Initiated.

² Uncivil fellow.

³ Violence.

Seb. What relish is in this?¹ how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep:

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would, thou 'dst
be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit Maria.*]

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble² myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors³ enter.

¹ How does this taste? what judgment am I to make of this?

² Disguise.

³ Confederates.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonos dies,*¹ sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is;' so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clown. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

¹ Good fortune befall thee.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows¹ transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories² towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.³

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

¹ Bow-windows.

² Clear-story is a term in Gothic architecture, denoting a row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall, or of a church, over the arches of the nave.

³ A regular conversation.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas !

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.¹

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown : he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him : I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were ; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

Clown. ‘ Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does.’ [*singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. ‘ My lady is unkind, perdy.’²

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. ‘ Alas, why is she so ? ’

Mal. Fool, I say ;—

Clown. ‘ She loves another.’—Who calls, ha ?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper : as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for’t.

Clown. Master Malvolio !

Mal. Ay, good fool.

¹ I can turn my hand to any thing.

² A corruption of the French oath, *par Dieu*.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits ? ¹

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well ? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me ; ² keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent ³ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper : I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir !

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down

¹ Senses.

² Taken possession of me.

³ Reprimanded.

to my lady ; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed ? or do you but counterfeit ?

Mal. Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree : I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,¹
Your need to sustain ;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha ! to the devil :
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad :
Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;

¹ The vice was the fool of the old moralities.

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't :
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant :
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,¹
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service :
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness ;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,²
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust,³ but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her fol-
lowers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does : there's something in 't,
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean
well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry⁴ by : there, before him,

¹ Information.

² Example and reason.

³ Belief.

⁴ Little chapel.



Hamilton del.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Searling sc.

And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles¹ you are willing it shall come to note;
What time² we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The street before Olivia's house.

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

¹ Until.

² At which time.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowlege of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind ; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty farther.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap ; I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd

As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war :

A bawbling¹ vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;

With which such scathful² grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That very envy, and the tongue of loss,

Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter ?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,

¹ Trifling.

² Mischievous.

That took the Phoenix and her fraught¹ from
Candy ;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,²
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you
give me ;

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication : for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;

¹ Freight.

² Inattentive to his character or condition.

Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months
before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven
walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me :
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my
lord,——

Vio. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat ¹ and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief,² at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savors nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this, your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

¹ Dull.

² Thyamis, a native of Memphis, captured a young lady, named Chariclea, whom he loved, and concealed in his cave. Being soon after overpowered, he determined to put her to death, to prevent her falling into the hands of his enemies.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah, me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come, away. [to Viola.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.¹
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

¹ Suppress or disown thy property.

Re-enter Attendant and PRIEST.

Father, I charge thee, by¹ thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;¹
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou
be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?²
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

¹ In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring.

² Skin.



Hamilton del

Starling sc

TWELFTH NIGHT

Sebastian, Olivia & Orsino

Act IV. Scene III.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir An. For the love of God, a surgeon: send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir An. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir An. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir An. Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir An. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* CLOWN.

Here comes sir Toby halting: you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates¹ than he did.

¹ Otherwise.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin.² I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him. Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir An. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

¹ Probably, a pavin danced out of time. A pavin is the name of a grave and majestic dance.

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee !

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—
Of charity,¹ what kin are you to me ? [*to Viola.*
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too ;
So went he suited to his watery tomb :
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

¹ Out of charity, tell me.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets ¹ to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola : which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
I was preserved, to serve this noble count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

[to *Olivia*.]

But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived :
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[to *Viola*.]

¹ Hinders.

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own¹
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills² not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

¹ A frenzy, that drew me away from every thing but its own object.

² Matters.

Clown. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—‘By the Lord, madam,’—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.¹

Oli. Pr’ythee, read i’ thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,² my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [to Fabian.]

Fab. [*reads.*] ‘By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.’

‘The madly-used Malvolio.’

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver’d, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*]

¹ You must allow me to read it in character, with a frantic tone.

² Attend.

My lord, so please you, these things farther thought
on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer.—

Your master quits you; [*to Viola.*] and, for your
service done him,

So much against the mettle¹ of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal nor your invention.

¹ Frame and constitution.

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then ;
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor ;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people :¹
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck² and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad ; then camest in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content :
'This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby

¹ People of less dignity.

² Fool.

Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;¹
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled² thee!

Clown. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.'—But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged.' And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,³
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls: meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;

¹ Importunity.

SHAK.

² Imposed on.

IV.

³ Shall agree.

H

For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clown. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A story in some respects similar to this drama may be found in the fifth book of Orlando Furioso, and likewise in the second book of Spenser's Fairy Queen ; but it is most probable that Shakspeare derived the principal incident of this comedy from a version of Belleforest, who copied the Italian novelist Bandello. In the 22d tale of the first part of Bandello, and the 18th history of the third volume of Belleforest, a story is related, the events of which nearly resemble those attendant on the marriage of Claudio and Hero.

As this play was printed in quarto in 1600, and is not mentioned by Meres in his list of Shakspeare's works published about the end of 1598, Mr. Malone conjectures that the year 1600 may be accurately assigned as the time of its production. It is reported to have been formerly known under the name of 'Benedick and Beatrice.'

'This play,' says Steevens, 'may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, the humorist, the gentleman, and the soldier are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness ; for the goodness of his heart is

hardly sufficient to atone for the license of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship to her cousin, so apparent in her behavior, when she urges her lover to risk his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first;—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very stratagem which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.'

A R G U M E N T.

Leonato, a gentleman of Messina, has an only daughter, named Hero, whose beauty and accomplishments captivate the affections of count Claudio, a favorite of the prince then on a visit to her father, who willingly gives his consent to a union so promising. In the mean time, Don John, a natural brother of the prince, who has long viewed the elevation of Claudio with an eye of jealousy, accuses the lady of inconstancy; and, in confirmation of his assertion, introduces his brother and his friend to her chamber window at midnight: the artifice of an attendant of Don John, named Borachio, who contrives to address the waiting-maid stationed at the window by the name of Hero, appears to leave no room for doubt, and the enraged lover repudiates his affianced bride at the very moment of the nuptials: Hero faints; and, by the advice of the friar, a false report of her death is circulated. During the progress of these events Borachio reveals the success of his machinations to a fellow-servant whom he meets in the street, and their conversation is overheard by the watch, who convey the culprits to Leonato's house, where a full confession is made by the repentant Borachio. Claudio now entreats forgiveness from the insulted father, which is granted on the condition of his union with a cousin of his injured mistress, whose face he is not permitted to behold till the completion of the marriage ceremony, when his happiness is made perfect by finding himself the husband of the innocent Hero. The remainder of this play is occupied with the deception which is practised to betray Benedick and Beatrice, two rival wits and professed marriage-haters, into a mutual passion for each other, which is at length accomplished, and they are both content to renounce their prejudices against marriage.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.

DON JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favorite to Don Pedro.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, favorite likewise of Don Pedro.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHAZAR, servant to Don Pedro.

BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.
CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } two foolish officers.
VERGES, }

A SEXTON.

A FRIAR.

A BOY.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a*
MESSENGER.

Leo. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mes. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leo. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mes. But few of any sort,¹ and none of name.

Leo. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mes. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself

¹ Kind.

beyond the promise of his age ; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mes. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leo. Did he break out into tears ?

Mes. In great measure.¹

Leo. A kind overflow of kindness : there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping !

Bea. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no ?

Mes. I know none of that name, lady : there was none such in the army of any sort.²

Leo. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mes. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Bea. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight ;³ and my uncle's

¹ Abundance.

² Rank.

³ By flight is here meant a sort of shooting called roving, or aiming at long lengths, dependent on the strength and skill of the archer.

fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.¹—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leo. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet² with you, I doubt it not.

Mes. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Bea. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mes. And a good soldier too, lady.

Bea. And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

Mes. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

Bea. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,——Well, we are all mortal.

Leo. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and

¹ A short thick arrow without a point, used by fools and inferior archers; whence the proverb, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

² Even.

now is the whole man governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mes. Is it possible ?

Bea. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.¹

Mes. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Bea. No ; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer² now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mes. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Bea. O Lord ! he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mes. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Bea. Do, good friend.

Leo. You will never run mad, niece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Mes. Don Pedro is approached.

¹ Mould for a hat.

² Quarrelsome fellow.

Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others ; DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pe. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leo. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pe. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leo. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

Leo. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

D. Pe. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady ! for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Bea. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick ; nobody marks you.

Ben. What, my dear lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

Bea. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is courtesy a turn-coat: but it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Bea. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Ben. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Bea. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Bea. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer: but keep your way, o' God's name; I have done.

Bea. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pe. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leo. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being

reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leo. Please it your grace lead on ?

D. Pe. Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but Ben. and Clau.*]

Clau. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato ?

Ben. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

Clau. Is she not a modest young lady ?

Ben. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Clau. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Ben. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her ; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Clau. Thou thinkest I am in sport : I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

Clau. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the

flouting jack,¹ to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?² Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Clau. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Clau. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Ben. Is it come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?³ Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.⁴ Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pe. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

¹ Jack, in our author's time, was a term of contempt.

² 'Do you mean to amuse us with improbable stories?'—Steevens.

³ Subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy?

⁴ 'A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all, when even Sunday is passed so uncomfortably.'—Warburton.

Ben. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pe. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You hear, count Claudio : I can be secret as a dumb man ; I would have you think so ; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is.—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old tale, my lord : it is not so, nor 'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pe. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

Clau. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pe. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Clau. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Ben. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pe. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pe. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Clau. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat¹ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle² in an invisible baldrick,³ all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pe. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Ben. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pe. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.⁴

D. Pe. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

¹ A tune sounded by the huntsman to call off the dogs from a wrong scent.

² Hunting-horn.

³ Belt.

⁴ The name of a famous archer.

Ben. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign,—'Here you may see Benedick, the married man.'

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pe. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pe. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Clau. To the tuition of God: from my house, (if I had it)—

D. Pe. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Ben. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded¹ with fragments, and the guards² are but slightly basted on

¹ Trimmed.

² Guards were ornamental lace or borders.

neither: ere you flout old ends¹ any farther, examine your conscience;² and so I leave you.

[*Exit Benedick.*]

Clau. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pe. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pe. No child but Hero; she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Clau. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is;
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pe. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,

¹ Antiquated allusions.

² 'Examine if your sarcasms do not touch yourself.'—
Johnson.

And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Clau. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pe. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,¹ thou
lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have revelling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin
your son? Hath he provided this music?

¹ Once for all.

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover: they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached¹ alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowlege it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leo. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Thickly interwoven.

SCENE III.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good year my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw¹ no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair

¹ Flatter.

weather that you make yourself : it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker¹ in a hedge, than a rose in his grace ; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.²
Who comes here ? What news, Borachio ?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper : the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool, that betrothes himself to unquietness ?

Bor. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

¹ The dog-rose. ² I make nothing else my counsellor.

Bor. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire ! And who, and who ?
which way looks he ?

Bor. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick ! How came you to this ?

Bor. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad¹ conference. I whipped me behind the arras ; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself ; and, having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither ; this may prove food to my displeasure : that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow : if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure,² and will assist me ?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper ; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind !—Shall we go prove what 's to be done ?

Bor. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

¹ Serious.

² Trusty.

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and*
others.

Leo. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Bea. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Bea. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leo. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Bea. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse; such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leo. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Bea. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends

a curst cow short horns ;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leo. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Bea. Just, if he send me no husband ; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord ! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face ; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leo. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Bea. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth ; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth, is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell ?

Bea. No, but to the gate ; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, ' Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids : ' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens : he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to Hero.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Bea. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, ' Father, as it please you : '—but

yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leo. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Bea. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leo. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Bea. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,¹ tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and antientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leo. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

¹ Importunate.

Bea. I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by daylight.

Leo. The revellers are entering, brother ; make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D. Pe. Lady, will you walk about with your friend ? ¹

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pe. With me in your company ?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pe. And when please you to say so ?

Hero. When I like your favor ; for God defend,² the lute should be like the case.

D. Pe. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pe. Speak low, if you speak love.

[takes her aside.

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Ben. Which is one ?

Mar. I say my prayers aloud.

¹ Lover.

² Forbid.

Ben. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dancer.

Bal. Amen.

Mar. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Bal. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to; mum; you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Bea. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Ben. No, you shall pardon me.

Bea. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Ben. Not now.

Bea. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales?'¹—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Ben. What's he?

¹ A popular jest-book in the time of our author.

Bea. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Ben. Not I, believe me.

Bea. Did he never make you laugh?

Ben. I pray you, what is he?

Bea. Why, he is the prince's jester : a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible¹ slanders : none but libertines delight in him ; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany ; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet ; I would he had boarded² me.

Ben. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Bea. Do, do : he'll but break a comparison or two on me ; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*dance. Then exeunt all but D. John, Bor. and Clau.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

¹ Incredible.

² Accosted.

Bor. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.¹

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Clau. You know me well: I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamored on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bor. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt D. John and Bor.*]

Clau. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.²
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Ben. Count Claudio?

¹ Carriage, demeanor.

² Passion.

Clau. Yea, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain; or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Clau. I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Clau. I pray you, leave me.

Ben. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Ben. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pe. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Ben. Troth, my 'lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pe. To be whipped? What's his fault?

Ben. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pe. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pe. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Ben. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pe. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Ben. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that

I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance¹ upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até² in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her ; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pe. Look, here she comes.

Ben. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassy to the

¹ Incredible quickness.

² The goddess of discord.

Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy.—You have no employment for me?

D. Pe. None, but to desire your good company.

Ben. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pe. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Bea. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use¹ for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice; therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pe. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Bea. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pe. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Clau. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pe. How then? Sick?

Clau. Neither, my lord.

Bea. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pe. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name,

¹ Interest.

and fair Hero is won : I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy !

Leo. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it !

Bea. Speak, count : 'tis your cue.¹

Clau. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Bea. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pe. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Bea. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Clau. And so she doth, cousin.

Bea. Good lord, for alliance !—Thus goes every one to the world² but I, and I am sun-burned : I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho ! for a husband.

D. Pe. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Bea. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pe. Will you have me, lady ?

¹ Turn : a phrase peculiar to players.

² Every one gets married.

Bea. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pe. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Bea. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leo. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Bea. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. *[Exit Bea.]*

D. Pe. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady!

Leo. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pe. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leo. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pe. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leo. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pe. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Clau. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leo. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just sevennight ; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pe. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing ; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us : I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors ; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leo. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Clau. And I, my lord.

D. Pe. And you too, gentle Hero ?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pe. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know : thus far can I praise him ; he is of a noble strain,¹ of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick ;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy² stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer ; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only

¹ Lineage.

² Squeamish.

love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bor. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bor. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bor. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marry-

ing the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavor any thing.

Bor. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone : tell them, that you know that Hero loves me ; intend¹ a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honor who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Borachio ; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding : for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent ; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can,

¹ Pretend.

I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. .

Leonato's garden.

Enter BENEDICK *and* a BOY.

Ben. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Ben. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Ben. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a

soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but Love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor. [*withdraws.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pe. Come, shall we hear this music?

Clau. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pe. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Clau. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox¹ with a pennyworth.

¹ Cunning fox.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pe. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Bal. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pe. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection.— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Bal. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing : Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pe. Nay, pray thee, come : Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Bal. Note this before my notes, There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pe. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks ;

Note, notes, forsooth, and noting ! *[music.*

Ben. Now, 'Divine air !' now is his soul ravished ! Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies ?—Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

Balthazar sings.

I.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey, nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo¹
Of dumps² so dull and heavy :
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pe. By my troth, a good song.

Bal. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pe. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Ben. [*aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him : and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief ! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pe. Yea, marry. [*to Claudio.*]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar ? I pray thee, get us some excellent music ; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Bal. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pe. Do so : farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and music.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day ? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick ?

¹ More.

² A dump is a mournful elegy.

Clau. O, ay :—stalk on, stalk on : the fowl sits.¹
[*aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leo. No, nor I neither ; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

Ben. Is 't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?
[*aside.*]

Leo. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it ; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.²

D. Pe. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Clau. Faith, like enough.

Leo. O God ! counterfeit ! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pe. Why, what effects of passion shows she ?

Clau. Bait the hook well : this fish will bite.

[*aside.*]

Leo. What effects, my lord ? She will sit you,—
You heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did, indeed.

D. Pe. How, how, I pray you ? You amaze me :

¹ ' This is an allusion to the stalking-horse, by which the fowler sheltered himself from the sight of the game.'—Steevens.

² ' But with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.'—Malone.

I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; especially against Benedick.

Ben. [*aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it : knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Clau. He hath ta'en the infection : hold it up.

[*aside.*

D. Pe. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ?

Leo. No ; and swears she never will : that's her torment.

Clau. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter says. ' Shall I,' says she, ' that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him ? '

Leo. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him : for she'll be up twenty times a night ; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper :—my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leo. O !—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet ?—

Clau. That.

Leo. O ! she tore the sheet into a thousand halfpence : railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. ' I measure him,' says she, ' by my own spirit ;

for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Clau. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leo. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy¹ hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pe. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pe. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Clau. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pe. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leo. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pe. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed² all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

¹ Alienation of mind.

² Thrown off.

Leo. Were it good, think you?

Clau. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pe. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible¹ spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper² man.

D. Pe. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Clau. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pe. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leo. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pe. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leo. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pe. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your

¹ Contemptuous.

² Handsome.

niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Clau. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leo. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pe. Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leo. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. *[aside.]*

D. Pe. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. *[aside.]*

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.]

Benedick advances from the arbor.

Ben. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.¹—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it

¹ Seriously carried on.

must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth; I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so; I cannot reprove it: and wise; but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips,¹ and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Bea. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,

Ben. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

¹ Sarcasms.

Bea. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me : if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Ben. You take pleasure then in the message ?

Bea. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ben. Ha ! ‘Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner.’—There’s a double meaning in that. ‘I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me.’—That’s as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Leonato's garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor ;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing¹ with the prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

¹ Conversing.

Is all of her ; say, that thou overheardst us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached ¹ bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter ;—like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it :—there will she
hide her,

To listen our propose.² This is thy office :
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Mar. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit :
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice : of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin ;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice, who even now

¹ Interwoven.

² Discourse.

Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[they advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful:
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards¹ of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so intirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising² what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

¹ Haggard is a species of hawk.

² Undervaluing.

All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw
man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate¹ very vilely cut :
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No : not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air. O, she would laugh me
Out of myself ; press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks ;

¹ A precious stone of the lowest class.

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift¹ and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,² and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come,
go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lamed,³ I warrant you; we have
caught her, madam.

¹ Ready.

² Conversation.

³ Ensnared as with bird-lime.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beatrice advances.

Bea. What fire is in mine ears?¹ Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Leonato's house.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pe. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Clau. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pe. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the

¹ In allusion to the proverb, that our ears burn when others are talking of us.

new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him : he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leo. So say I ; methinks, you are sadder.

Clau. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pe. Hang him, truant ; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money.

Ben. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pe. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it !

Clau. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pe. What ? sigh for the tooth-ache ?

Leo. Where is but a humor, or a worm ?

Ben. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pe. There is no appearance of fancy¹ in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman

¹ Love.

to-morrow ; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops,¹ and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.² Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o' mornings ; what should that bode ?

D. Pe. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Clau. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leo. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

D. Pe. Nay, he rubs himself with civet : can you smell him out by that ?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pe. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. Pe. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring,³ and now governed by stops.

¹ Slops are large loose breeches.

² Or, in other words, all cloak.

³ Love songs, in our author's time, were usually sung to the music of the lute.

D. Pe. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pe. That would I know too : I warrant, one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pe. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.— Old signior, walk aside with me : I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Ben. and Leo.*]

D. Pe. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Clau. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice ; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pe. Good den,¹ brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pe. In private ?

D. John. If it please you ; yet count Claudio

¹ Good even.

may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pe. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?
[*to Claudio.*

D. Pe. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

D. Pe. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Clau. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Clau. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love

her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

Clau. May this be so ?

D. Pe. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know : if you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow ; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pe. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pe. O day untowardly turned !

Clau. O mischief strangely thwarting !

D. John. O plague right well prevented !

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true ?

Ver. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for

them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Ver. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dog. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How, if he will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no

noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 *Watch*. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an antient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills¹ be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch*. How, if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch*. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch*. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

¹ Weapons of the watchmen.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Ver. Nay by 'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Ver. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbor.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors : I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil ¹ to-night. Adieu ; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dog. and Ver.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bor. What ! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*aside.*]

Bor. Conrade, I say !

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mass, and my elbow itched ; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*aside.*] Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear ?

Bor. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

¹ Bustle.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shows thou art unconfirmed.¹ Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting;² sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched³ worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou

¹ Unpractised in the ways of the world.

² In the painting discolored by smoke.

³ Soiled.

hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable¹ encounter.

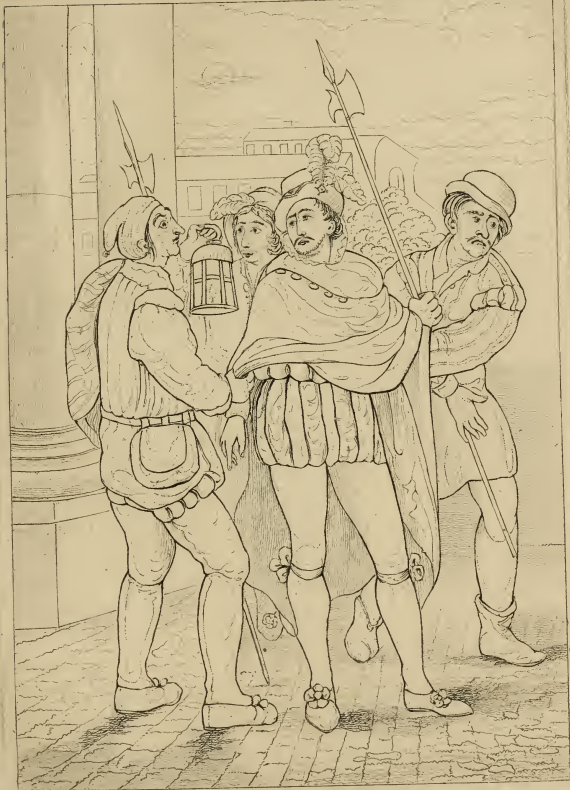
Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them; partly by the dark night, which did deceive them; but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you, in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

¹ Amorous.



Wheatley del.

Starling sc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Borachio, Conrado & Watchmen.

Act III. Scene III

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them ; I know him ; he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch*. Never speak : we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question,¹ I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[*Exit Urs*.

Mar. Troth, I think, your other rabato² were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, it's not so good ; and, I warrant, your cousin will say so.

¹ A commodity subject to judicial trial or examination.

² A kind of ruff.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another :
I'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire¹ within excellently, if
the hair were a thought browner : and your gown's
a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of
Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Mar. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect
of yours. Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with
silver ; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves,
and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel ;
but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion,
yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart
is exceeding heavy !

Mar. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a
man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Mar. Of what, lady ? of speaking honorably ? Is
not marriage honorable in a beggar ? Is not your
lord honorable without marriage ? I think, you would
have me say, saving your reverence,—‘ a husband : ’
an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll
offend nobody. Is there any harm in—‘ the heavier
for a husband ? ’ None, I think, an it be the right
husband and the right wife ; otherwise, 'tis light,
and not heavy. Ask my lady Beatrice else : here
she comes.

¹ Head-dress.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Bea. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now ! do you speak in the sick tune ?

Bea. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap us into—‘Light o’ love ;’¹ that goes without a burden ; do you sing it, and I ’ll dance it.

Bea. Yea, ‘Light o’ love,’ with your heels !—then if your husband have stables enough, you ’ll see he shall lack no barns.²

Mar. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

Bea. ’Tis almost five o’clock, cousin ; ’tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill :—heigh ho !

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

Bea. For the letter that begins them all, H.³

Mar. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there ’s no more sailing by the star.

Bea. What means the fool, trow ?

Mar. Nothing I ; but God send every one their heart’s desire !

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

¹ The name of an old tune.

² Quibble between barns, repositories of corn, and bairns, the old word for children.

³ i. e. for an ache or pain.

Bea. I am stuffed, cousin ; I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid, and stuffed ! there's goodly catching of cold.

Bea. O, God help me ! God help me ! how long have you professed apprehension ?

Mar. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely ?

Bea. It is not seen enough ; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Bea. Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you have some moral¹ in this Benedictus.

Mar. Moral ? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love : nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list ; nor I list not to think what I can ; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love : yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man : he swore he would never marry ; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging :² and how you may be converted, I know

¹ Secret meaning.

² ' He feeds on love, and likes his food.'—Malone.

not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.¹

Bea. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leo. What would you with me, honest neighbor?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leo. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Ver. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leo. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so

¹ 'You direct your eyes towards the same object, i. e. a husband.'—Steevens.

blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were ; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous : *palabras*,¹ neighbor Verges.

Leo. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers ; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leo. All thy tediousness on me ! ha !

Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis : for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city ; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Ver. And so am I.

Leo. I would fain know what you have to say.

Ver. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir ; he will be talking ; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out. God help us ! it is a world to see !²—Well said, i' faith, neighbor Verges :—well, God's a good man : an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir ; by my troth, he is, as

¹ On my word.

² It is wonderful to see.

ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped. All men are not alike: alas, good neighbor!

Leo. Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts, that God gives.

Leo. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leo. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me. I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leo. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leo. I will wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leo. and Mes.]

Dog. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail: we are now to examination these men.

Ver. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that *[touching his forehead.]* shall drive some of them to a *non com*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[Exeunt.]

A C T I V.

SCENE I.

The inside of a church.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR,
CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c.

Leo. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Clau. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leo. I dare make his answer; none.

Clau. O, what men dare do! what men may do!
what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Ben. How now? Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Clau. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave;

Will you, with free and unconstrained soul,
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leo. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pe. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Clau. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend:
She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here.
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious¹ bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leo. What do you mean, my lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

¹ Lascivious.

Leo. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

Clau. I know what you would say; if I have
known her,
You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.
No, Leonato;
I never tempted her with word too large;¹
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
wide?²

Leo. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pe. What should I speak?
I stand dishonor'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leo. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things
are true.

Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.

¹ Licentious. ² So remotely from the present business.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, stand I here?

this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leo. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Clau. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

and, by that fatherly and kindly¹ power

that you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee, do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Clau. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pe. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honor,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,

did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,²

confess'd the vile encounters they have had

¹ Natural.

² A villain free of tongue.

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of:
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Clau. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture¹ hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.²

Leo. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons.*]

Bea. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you
down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come
thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. Pe., D. John, and Clau.*]

Ben. How doth the lady?

Bea. Dead, I think.—Help, uncle:—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—signior Benedick!—
friar!

Leo. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

¹ Suspicion.

² Attractive, lovely.



death is the fairest cover for her shame,
 that may be wish'd for.

Bea. How now, cousin Hero ?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leo. Dost thou look up ?

Friar. Yea ; wherefore should she not ?

Leo. Wherefore ? Why, doth not every earthly
 thing

thy shame upon her ? Could she here deny
 the story that is printed in her blood ?—

do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes :

or did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

nought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one ?

did I for that at frugal nature's frame ?¹

one too much by thee ! Why had I one ?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

look up a beggar's issue at my gates ;

who smirched² thus, and mired with infamy,

might have said, ' No part of it is mine ;

this shame derives itself from unknown loins ? '

not mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,

and mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,

that I myself was to myself not mine,

valuing of her ; why, she—O, she is fallen

to a pit of ink ; that the wide sea

¹ Disposition of things.

² Sullied.

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient :
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Bea. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Bea. No, truly, not ; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leo. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger
made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little ;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book ; ¹ trust not my age,

¹ What I have read.

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be :
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me ; I know
none :

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision¹ in the
princes.

Ben. Two of them have the very bent² of honor ;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leo. I know not : if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
honor,

¹ Misconception.

² The utmost degree.

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead :
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed ;
Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leo. What shall become of this ? What will this
do ?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her
behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer : for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack¹ the value ; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours :—so will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon² his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Unto his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Unto the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed :—then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver³)
And wish he had not so accused her ;
So, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Ben. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
And though, you know, my inwardness⁴ and love
Very much unto the prince and Claudio,

¹ Overrate.

² By.

³ The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love.

⁴ Intimacy.

Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leo. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;

For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,

Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and
endure. [*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*]

Ben. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Bea. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Ben. I will not desire that.

Bea. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Ben. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wronged.

Bea. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would right her!

Ben. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Bea. A very even way, but no such friend.

Ben. May a man do it?

Bea. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Ben. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you; is not that strange?

Bea. As strange as the thing I know not: it were
as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as
you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not: I con-
fess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for
my cousin.

Ben. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Bea. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Ben. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I
ll make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Bea. Will you not eat your word?

Ben. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I
otest, I love thee.

Bea. Why then, God forgive me!

Ben. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Bea. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was
out to protest, I loved you.

Ben. And do it with all thy heart.

Bea. I love you with so much of my heart, that
one is left to protest.

Ben. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Bea. Kill Claudio.

Ben. Ha! not for the wide world.

Bea. You kill me to deny it: farewell.

Ben. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Bea. I am gone, though I am here;¹—there is no
ove in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Ben. Beatrice,—

Bea. In faith, I will go.

Ben. We'll be friends first.

Bea. You dare easier be friends with me, than
ght with mine enemy.

Ben. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Bea. Is he not approved in the height a villain,

¹ 'My affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet
ere.'—Malone.

that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand¹ until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Ben. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Bea. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Ben. Nay, but, Beatrice;—

Bea. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Ben. Beat—

Bea. Princes and counties!² Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect;³ a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,⁴ valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Ben. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Bea. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

¹ Delude her by fair promises.

² Noblemen.

³ A specious nobleman made out of sugar.

⁴ Ceremony.



Smirke del.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Doyley, Vandyke, Brachio, &c.

By S. J. S.

Staring at

Ben. Think you, in your soul, the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Bea. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Ben. Enough; I am engaged; I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By his hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Ver. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down—Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down—master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bor. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down—that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend, but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir. I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efastest¹ way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—prince John a villain. Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

¹ Quickest.

Bor. Master constable—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy
 talk, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else ?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand
 cats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero
 wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow ?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean,
 upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole
 assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into
 everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else ?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can
 deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen
 away ; Hero was in this manner accused, in this
 very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this,
 suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be
 bound, and brought to Leonato's ; I will go before,
 and show him their examination. [Exit.

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Ver. Let them be in the hands.

Con. Off, coxcomb !

Dog. God's my life ! where's the sexton ? let
 him write down the prince's officer coxcomb.—
 Come, bind them :—thou naughty varlet !

Con. Away ! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leo. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

ing me a father, that so loved his child,
whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
and bid him speak of patience ;
measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
and let it answer every strain for strain ;
thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
y—sorrow, wag ! and hem, when he should
groan ;

atch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
with candle-wasters ; ¹ bring him yet to me,
and I of him will gather patience.

at there is no such man : for, brother, men
n counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
their counsel turns to passion, which before
ould give preceptual medicine to rage,
utter strong madness in a silken thread,
harm ache with air, and agony with words.
o, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
o those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
at no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
o be so moral, when he shall endure
ne like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
y griefs cry louder than advertisement.²

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

¹ Drunkards.

² Admonition.

Leo. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leo. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonor her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pe. Good den, good den.¹

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leo. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pe. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leo. Some haste, my lord?—well, fare you well,
my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—Well, all is one.

D. Pe. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

¹ Good even.

Leo. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou.—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Clau. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leo. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at
me.

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany.

Clau. My villany?

Leo. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pe. You say not right, old man.

Leo. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Clau. Away; I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daff me ? ¹ Thou hast kill'd
my child :

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :
But that 's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
Win me and wear me ;—let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow
me :

Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining ² fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leo. Brother,——

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I loved my
niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue ;
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops !—

Leo. Brother Antony,——

Ant. Hold you content. What, man ! I know
them, yea.

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scambling,³ out-facing, fashion-mongering boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,⁴
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst,
And this is all.

¹ Put me off.

² Thrusting.

³ Turbulent.

⁴ Martial appearance.

Leo. But, brother Antony,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter ;

Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

D. Pe. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;

But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leo. My lord, my lord,——

D. Pe. I will not hear you.

Leo. No ?

Come, brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leo. and Ant.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pe. See, see ; here comes the man we went
to seek.

Clau. Now, signior ! what news ?

Ben. Good day, my lord.

D. Pe. Welcome, signior : you are almost come
to part almost a fray.

Clau. We had like to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pe. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest
thou ? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been
too young for them.

Ben. In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I
came to seek you both.

Clau. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Ben. It is in my scabbard ; shall I draw it ?

D. Pe. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Clau. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.¹

D. Pe. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick or angry ?

Clau. What ! courage, man ! What though care killed a cat,² thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Clau. Nay, then give him another staff ; this last was broke cross.³

D. Pe. By this light, he changes more and more. I think, he be angry indeed.

Clau. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.⁴

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your ear ?

Clau. God bless me from a challenge !

Ben. You are a villain.—I jest not :—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your

¹ ' I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles, to amuse us.'—Malone.

² A proverbial expression.

³ An allusion to tilting.

⁴ To give a challenge.

cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Clau. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pe. What, a feast? a feast?

Clau. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid¹ me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?²

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pe. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit; 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one:—' 'No,' said I; 'a great wit;—' 'Right,' says she; 'a great gross one:—' 'Nay,' said I; 'a good wit;—' 'Just,' said she; 'it hurts nobody:—' 'Nay,' said I; 'the gentleman is wise;—' 'Certain,' said she; 'a wise gentleman:—' 'Nay,' said I; 'he hath the tongues;—' 'That I believe,' said she; 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.'—Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the properest³ man in Italy.

¹ Invited.

² A woodcock, being supposed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a foolish fellow.

³ Handsomest.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pe. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all; and moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden.'

D. Pe. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Clau. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick, the married man?'

Ben. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit Ben.*]

D. Pe. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pe. And hath challenged thee?

Clau. Most sincerely.

D. Pe. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Clau. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pe. But, soft you; let be; pluck up, my

heart, and be sad!¹ Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with
CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

Dog. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pe. How now, two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

Clau. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pe. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pe. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.²

D. Pe. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned

¹ Serious.

² Put into many different dresses.

constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bor. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed¹ me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pe. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Clau. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pe. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pe. He is composed and framed of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

Clau. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this

¹ Incited.

time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Ver. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the SEXTON.

Leo. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leo. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself.

Here stand a pair of honorable men;

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds:

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to ¹ what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,

But in mistaking.

D. Pe. By my soul, nor I;

¹ Command me to undergo.

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leo. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live ;
That were impossible : but, I pray you both,
Possess¹ the people in Messina here
How innocent she died ; and, if your love
Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—
To-morrow morning come you to my house ;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us :
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claudio. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leo. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd² in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No, by my soul, she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;

¹ Acquaint.

² An accomplice.

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: and also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name;¹ the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leo. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leo. There 's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!²

Leo. Go; I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbor. [*Exeunt Dog. Ver. and Watch.*]

Leo. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

¹ Is a common beggar.

² The customary phrase of those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

Ant. Farewell, my lords ; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pe. We will not fail.

Clau. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. Pe. and Clau.*]

Leo. Bring you these fellows on : we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd¹ fellow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Leonato's garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Ben. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty ?

Ben. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me ? Why, shall I always keep below stairs ?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth ; it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

¹ Wicked.

Ben. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Ben. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. *[Exit Margaret.]*

Ben. And therefore will come.

‘The god of love, *[singing.]*

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—’¹

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to ‘lady’ but ‘baby;’ an innocent rhyme: for ‘scorn,’ ‘horn;’ a hard rhyme: for ‘school,’ ‘fool;’ a babbling rhyme: very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.²—

¹ The beginning of a song popular in Shakspeare’s time.

² In splendid phraseology.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

Bea. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O, stay but till then !

Bea. 'Then' is spoken ; fare you well now :— and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for ; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Ben. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Bea. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Ben. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes¹ my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Bea. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Ben. 'Suffer love ;' a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed ; for I love thee against my will.

¹ Is subject to.

Bea. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Ben. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Bea. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Ben. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors:¹ if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Bea. And how long is that, think you?

Ben. Question?—Why, an hour in clamor, and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Bea. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Bea. Very ill too.

Ben. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

¹ In the golden age.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil¹ at home : it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ?

Bea. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Ben. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The inside of a church.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and *Attendants, with music and tapers.*

Clau. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Att. It is, my lord.

Clau. [*reads from a scroll.*]

‘Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies :

Death, in guerdon² of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies :

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

¹ A bustle.

² Reward.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, *[affixing it.*
Praising her when I am dumb.'—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Clau. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pe. Good morrow, masters; put your torches
out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Thanks to you all; and leave us: fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pe. Come, let us hence, and put on other
weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue
speeds,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,
URSULA, FRIAR, *and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused
her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort ¹ so
well.

Ben. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Ben. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Ben. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—

¹ Turn out.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'tis most true.

Ben. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will ?

Ben. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honorable marriage ;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pe. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leo. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio :

We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Clau. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leo. Call her forth, brother ; here's the friar ready. [*Exit Ant.*]

D. Pe. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Clau. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man : we'll tip thy horns with gold ;
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Clau. For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seise upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Clau. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leo. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy friar.
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife ;
[unmasking.]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :
One Hero died defiled ; but I do live ;
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.



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Starling sc

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Claudio, Hero, Priest &c.

Act V. Scene IV.

D. Pe. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leo. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Ben. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Bea. I answer to that name. [*unmasking.*] What is your will?

Ben. Do not you love me?

Bea. Why, no more than reason.

Ben. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Bea. Do not you love me?

Ben. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Bea. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Ben. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Bea. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Ben. 'Tis no such matter.—Then, you do not love me?

Bea. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leo. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;

For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Ben. A miracle! here 's our own hands against
our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity.

Bea. I would not deny you;—but, by this good
day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to
save your life; for I was told you were in a con-
sumption.

Ben. Peace; I will stop your mouth.—

[*kissing her.*]

D. Pe. How dost thou, Benedick, the married
man?

Ben. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-
crackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost
thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No:
if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear
nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do
propose to marry, I will think nothing to any pur-
pose that the world can say against it; and there-
fore never flout at me for what I have said against
it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con-
clusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have
beaten thee; but in that¹ thou art like to be my
kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

¹ Since.

Clau. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgeled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer ; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends :—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leo. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Ben. First, o' my word ; therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Ben. Think not on him till to-morrow ; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

[*dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.



HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
AS YOU LIKE IT.

The plot of this beautiful and romantic comedy has been attributed by Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton to the *Wife's Tale of Gamelyn*, erroneously called Chaucer's; but no printed edition of that work made its appearance till near a century after the death of our author, who contented himself with borrowing his story from a novel, or rather pastoral romance, intitled *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, written in a very fantastical style by Mr. Thomas Lodge, and by him first published in 1590. In addition to the fable, which is pretty exactly followed, the outlines of the principal characters may be traced in the novel, with the exception of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, who are generally admitted to be the creation of the poet.

The first publication of *As You Like It* appears to have been the folio of 1623. It is supposed by Malone to have been written after 1596, and before 1600. We learn by tradition that Shakspeare himself performed the part of Adam.

'Of this play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of

Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.'

A R G U M E N T.

A Duke of France, being dispossessed of his dominions by Frederick, his younger brother, retires to the forest of Arden with a few faithful adherents, leaving behind him his daughter Rosalind, who is detained at the court of the usurper to be a companion to her cousin Celia. While here, Rosalind becomes enamored of young Orlando, who signalises himself in wrestling before the court. The accomplishments and popularity of Rosalind soon, however, excite the apprehensions of her uncle, who banishes her from his territories: the affection of Celia prompts her to accompany her kinswoman, and she makes her escape in the disguise of a shepherdess, while Rosalind assumes the habit of a man. Arrived at the forest of Arden, the two friends purchase a house and grounds, where they reside for some time as brother and sister: here they are agreeably surprised at the presence of Orlando, who, in order to guard his life from the machinations of Oliver, his elder brother, is compelled to join the company of the banished Duke. Rosalind, after satisfying herself of the attachment of her lover, and the willingness of her father to consent to their union, re-assumes her female apparel, and bestows her hand on Orlando, while Celia becomes the wife of the repentant Oliver, whose life is preserved from the fury of a lion by the bravery of his injured brother. In the mean time, Duke Frederick, jealous of the increasing numbers of his opponents, arrives with a large army for the purpose of exterminating them: on the skirts of the forest he is encountered by an old hermit, who dissuades him from the prosecution of his cruel enterprise. Struck with remorse, he voluntarily resigns his dukedom, and retires from the world, while the exiles are reinstated in their former dignities.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, his wrestler.

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SYLVIVS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing HYMEN.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes ; Pages, Foresters, and
other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house ; afterwards, partly
in the usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

An orchard, near Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the some-

thing that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir ! what make you here ? ¹

Orl. Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir ?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir ?

Orl. O, sir, very well : here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir ?

¹ What do you here ?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: the courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:¹ I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in

¹ The word villain is used by Oliver for a worthless fellow, and by Orlando for a man of base extraction.

me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no farther offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. *[Exit Dennis.]*—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,¹ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly,² as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint

¹ Ardenne, a large forest in Flanders.

² Live merrily.

you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it,

there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester.¹ I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts² enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised:³ but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

¹ Frolicksome fellow.

² Of all ranks of men.

³ Undervalued.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife,

Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature; when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught : now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good ; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowlege ?

Ros. Ay, marry ; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now ; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were : but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is 't that thou meanest ?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whipped for taxation,¹ one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true : for since the

¹ Censure, satire.

little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.¹

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze² me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it

¹ 'A good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design.'—Ritson.

² Perplex.

please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—‘ Be it known unto all men by these presents,’——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke’s wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third : yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day ! It is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Florish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: ¹ we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing: but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

¹ Undervalued.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orl. wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Charles is thrown. Shout.*]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*Charles is borne out.*]
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy :
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this
deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth :

I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke F. Train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son ;—and would not change that
calling,¹

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved :
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*giving him a chain from her neck.*]
Wear this for me, one out of suits with Fortune ;²
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.—

¹ Appellation.

² Turned out of her service.

Jovian del.



AS YOU LIKE IT

Reverend John Orlando

Stearns sc.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better
parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands
up,

Is but a quintaine,¹ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my
fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Cel.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,²
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

¹ A post or butt set up for martial exercises.

² Temper, disposition.

The duke is humorous ;¹ what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me
this ;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners ;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowlege of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :—
But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*]

¹ Capricious.

SCENE III.

A room in the palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it

possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,¹ I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;² yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowlege of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

¹ By this train of argument.

² Inveterately.

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's
enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his
dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.¹
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,

¹ Compassion.

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide
yourself;

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke F. and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.

Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber¹ smirch² my face ;
The like do you : so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe³ upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We 'll have a swashing⁴ and a martial outside ;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

¹ UMBER is a dusky, yellow-colored earth, brought from Umbria, in Italy.

² Soil.

³ Cutlass.

⁴ Swaggering.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

The forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the
dress of foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in
exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold ; I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your
grace,
'That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me,¹ the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads²
Have their round haunches gored.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

1 It gives me pain.

² Barbed arrows.

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;¹
' Poor deer,' quoth he, ' thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being there
alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
' 'Tis right,' quoth he ; ' thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

¹ The stream that needed not such a supply of moisture.

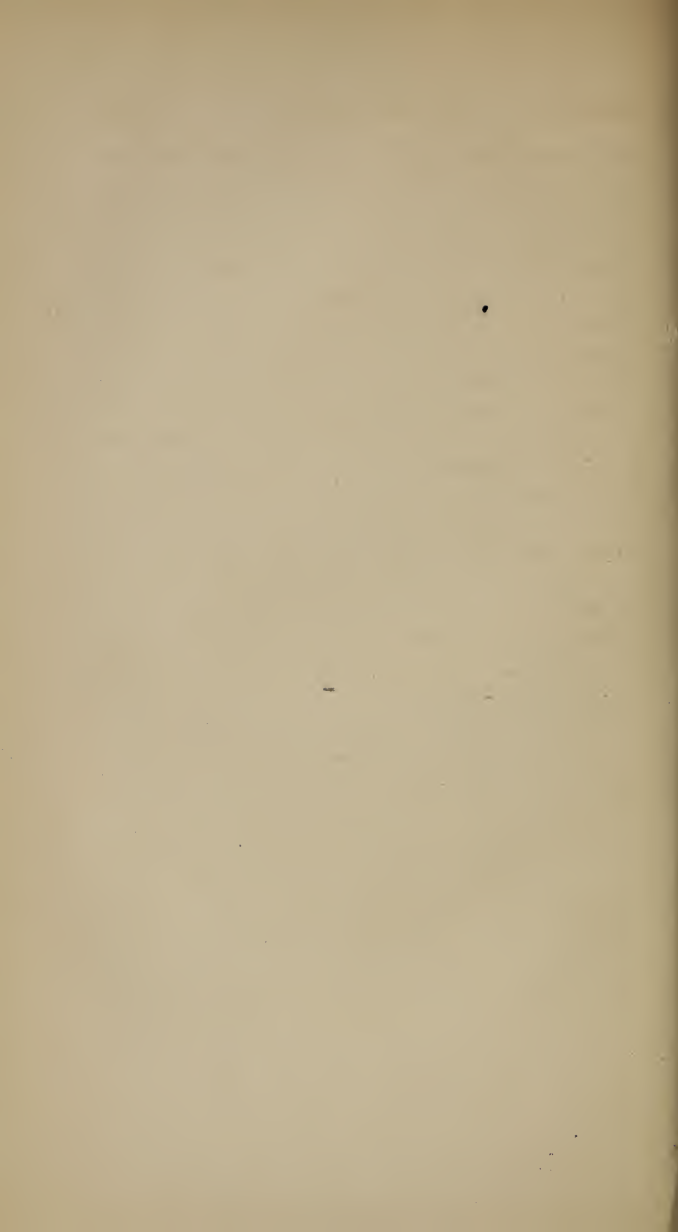
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AS YOU LIKE IT

Jacquet & meters

Stealing at





And never stays to greet him ; ‘ Ay,’ quoth Jaques,
‘ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
’Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?’
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what’s worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign’d and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation ?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place :
I love to cope¹ him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter.

2 Lord. I’ll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw
them ?

It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

¹ Encounter.

1 *Lord*. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

2 *Lord*. My lord, the roynish¹ clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant
hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;
I'll make him find him : do this suddenly ;
And let not search and inquisition quail²
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there ?

Adam. What ! my young master ?—O, my gentle
master !

¹ Scurvy.

² Faint, be wanting.

O, my sweet master ! O, you memory¹
Of old sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond² to overcome
The bony priser³ of the humorous duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

Orl. Why, what 's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth !
Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother—(no, no brother ; yet the son—
Yet not the son ;—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises ; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it : if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off :
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place,⁴ this house is but a butchery :
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

¹ Memorial.

² Indiscreet.

³ Prize-fighter.

⁴ Mansion, residence.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food;

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do;

Yet this I will not do, do how I can:

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood,¹ and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred
crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

¹ Blood turned out of the course of nature.

I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!¹
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet Fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Reward.

SCENE IV.

The forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross¹ if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn² talk.

¹ A piece of money stamped with a cross.

² Serious.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

Cor. I partly guess ; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess ;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily :
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved :
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved :
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[Exit Silvius.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have, by hard adventure, found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him
take that for coming anight to Jane Smile ; and I

remember the kissing of her batlet,¹ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal² in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food.
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool! he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold

¹ An instrument with which washers beat clothes.

² Abounding.

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks¹ to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale ; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice² most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,³

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this
place,

¹ Cares. ² As far as I have power to bid you welcome.

³ A short time since.

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me : if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more ; I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged ;¹ I know, I cannot please you.

¹ Broken and unequal.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaques. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable¹ for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*all together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,

¹ Disputatious.

Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes :—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme :¹
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme* ?

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.²

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

¹ 'Ducdàme is evidently a word coined for the nonce.'—Farmer.

² A proverbial expression for high-born persons.





Smirke del.

Starling sc

AS YOU LIKE IT

Orlando & Adam

Act II. Scene VI.

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master!

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The same. A table set out.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, LORDS, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord*. My lord, he is but even now gone hence :

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact¹ of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord*. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ? what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company !
What ! you look merrily.

Jaques. A fool, a fool !——I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool ;²—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool,

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

' Good-morrow, fool !' quoth I : ' No, sir,' quoth he,
Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune :'³

And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, ' It is ten o'clock.

¹ Made up.

² The fool was anciently dressed in a parti-colored coat.

³ Alluding to the common saying, that fools are Fortune's favorites.

Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a
courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: and why, sir, must they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church.
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomised
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind ; and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do, but
good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party ?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb ?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbor ?
Or what is he of basest function,

'That says, his bravery¹ is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then, what then? Let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing,² like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,³
And know some nurture.⁴ But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason,

¹ Fine apparel.

² Satire.

³ Well brought up.

⁴ Good manners.

I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good
comfort ! *[Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
happy :

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : and then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow : then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ;
Jealous in honor, sudden¹ and quick in quarrel ;
Seeking the bubble reputation

¹ Violent.

Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined ;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut ;
Full of wise saws and modern ¹ instances ;
And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons ; ²
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble
you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

¹ Trite, common.

² In allusion to a character in the Italian comedy called *Il Pantalone*, who is a thin emaciated old man in slippers.

Amiens sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly .
Then, heigh ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd ¹ not.
Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's
son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were ;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke
That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,

¹ Remembering.

Go to my cave, and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

A C T I I I.

SCENE I.

A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot
be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seisure, do we seise into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee¹ by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in
this!

¹ Acquit thyself.

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent¹ upon his house and lands.

Do this expediently,² and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love ;

And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,³ survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve, on every tree,

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁴ she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone ?

¹ Seisure.

² Expeditiously.

³ Alluding to the triple appellation of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana.

⁴ Inexpressible.

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends ;—that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned ; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court ? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ;

and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous ¹ state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,² you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again! A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? 'The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh! Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend:³ civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

¹ Perilous.

² Hides.

³ Consider attentively.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!¹ Thou art raw.²

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a belwether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. ' From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind:
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind:
All the pictures, fairest lined,³
Are but black to Rosalind.

¹ Make thee to understand.

² Ignorant.

³ Most fairly delineated.

Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair¹ of Rosalind.'

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together,
dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted :
it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

Touch. For a taste :—

' If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind :
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind ;
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.'

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool ; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit in

¹ Complexion, beauty.

the country ; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

Cel. ‘ Why should this desert silent be ?
For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil¹ sayings show :
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage ;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age :
Some, of violated vows
’Twixt the souls of friend and friend :
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence’ end,
Will I Rosalinda write ;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill’d
With all graces wide enlarged :
Nature presently distill’d

¹ Civilised.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;

Cleopatra's majesty ;

Atalanta's better part ;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised ;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches¹ dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.'

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Cel. How now! back, friends!—Shepherd, go off a little :—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Cor. and Touch.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

¹ Features.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!¹

Ros. Good my complexion!² dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee,

¹ Out of all measure.

² An ejaculation, analogous to 'good gracious!' or 'bless me!'

tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowlege of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.¹

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?² What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with

¹ Speak seriously and honestly.

² How was he dressed?

thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's ¹ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,² as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to³ thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

¹ The giant in Rabelais.

² Motes.

³ Restrain.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[Cel. and Ros. retire.]

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers: have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted

cloth,¹ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.—Cel. and Ros. come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

¹ In allusion to the moral sentences issuing from the mouths of figures on old tapestry hangings.

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o' clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day; there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed¹ a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland² man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on

¹ Remote, sequestered.

² Civilised.

those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks: hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger,¹ I would give him some good counsel; for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye,² and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,³ which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having⁴ in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device⁵ in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

¹ Dealer in love.

² A blueness about the eyes.

³ A spirit not inquisitive.

⁴ Estate.

⁵ Over-exact.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner: he was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish¹ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for

¹ Variable.

every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color ; would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness ;¹ which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic : and thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you ; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ ' A humor of living madness ; i. e. a mad humor of life.'—Malone.

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious¹ poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques. O knowlege ill-inhabited!² worse than Jove in a thatched house! [*aside.*]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.³—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

¹ Lascivious.

² Ill-lodged.

³ Where the entertainment is mean, and the bill extravagant.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. A material fool! ¹ [aside.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods, I am foul.²

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaques. I would fain see this meeting. [aside.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-

¹ A fool with matter in him.

² Homely.

beasts. But what though? ¹ Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so.—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.² Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence ³ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master What ye call 't! How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild⁴

¹ What then?

² Lean deer are called rascal deer.

³ The art of fencing.

⁴ God yield, i. e. reward.

you for your last company : I am very glad to see you.—Even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay ; pray, be covered.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley ?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,¹ sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar ? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another ; for he is not like to marry me well : and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*aside.*

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey ;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver !

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee :

¹ Yoke.

But—Wind away ;
Begone, I say :
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touch. and Aud.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave
of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before a cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me ; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to
consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire ; there-
fore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's :¹ marry,
his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color : your chesnut was ever
the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the
touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana :

¹ Judas Iscariot was constantly represented in ancient
paintings or tapestry with red hair.

a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously : the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes : I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not is : besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question¹ with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ;² as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble

¹ Conversation.

² Mistress.

goose : but all 's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides. Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love ;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove ;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not,
Phebe :

Say, that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls¹ not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner :
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—²
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee ;

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)

¹ Drops.

² Motes.

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,¹
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*advancing.*] Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have mo²
beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Must you be therefore prou^r and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work.³—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer⁴ man

¹ Love.

² More.

³ Those works which Nature makes up carelessly, and
without exactness.

⁴ Handsomer.

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favor'd children :
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your
 knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's
 love ;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets :
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer ;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd ;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together :

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger : if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my
 house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.
Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.¹

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. Celia, and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of
might ;—

‘ Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ? ’

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha ! what say’st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love : is not that neighborly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee ;

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love :

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure ; and I’ll employ thee too :

But do not look for farther recompense,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ’d.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

¹ ‘ Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.’—Johnson.

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile ? ¹

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot ² once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for
him :

'Tis but a peevish ³ boy ;—yet he talks well :—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes
him.

He'll make a proper ⁴ man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek : 'twas just the differ-
ence

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

¹ A short time since.

² Peasant.

³ Silly.

⁴ Handsome.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel, why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight :
The matter's in my head and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

A C T I V.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaques. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;¹ nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

¹ Trifling.

Jaques. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable¹ all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.²—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

¹ Undervalue.

² Been at Venice.

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer¹ than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humor, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How, if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

¹ Complexion.

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——‘Will you, Orlando,—’

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—‘I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.’

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are

maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make¹ the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—‘Wit, whither wilt?’

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman

¹ Bar.

that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,¹ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so, —come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu!

[*Exit Orlando.*]

¹ Represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,¹ conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out; let him be judge, how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the

¹ Melancholy.

deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—
Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord*. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune,
so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

1. Then sing him home.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:	} The rest shall
It was a crest ere thou wast born.	

1. Thy father's father wore it,

2. And thy father bore it.

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two
o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone
forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.

[*giving a letter*.

I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor : pardon me ;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love
me

Were man as rare as phoenix. Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents :
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-color'd hand. I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands,
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter :
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers : why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect

Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant
writes.

‘Art thou god to shepherd turn’d, [*reads.*
‘That a maiden’s heart hath burn’d?—’

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. ‘Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr’st thou with a woman’s heart?’

Did you ever hear such railing?—

‘Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance ¹ to me.—’

Meaning me a beast.—

‘If the scorn of your bright eyne ²
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:

¹ Mischief.

² Eyes.

And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind ¹
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.'

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity.
Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to make
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon
thee ! not to be endured !—Well, go your way to
her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake)
and say this to her ;—‘ That if she love me, I charge
her to love thee : if she will not, I will never have
her, unless thou entreat for her.’—If you be a true
lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more
company. [*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you
know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,

· Nature.

Left on your right hand, brings you to the place :
But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
There 's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description ;
Such garments, and such years : 'The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister ; but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ;¹ and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,²
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
age,

¹ Within a certain time.

² Love.

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush ; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother ;

And he did render ¹ him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando :—did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed
so :

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

¹ Describe.

West del.



Starting sc.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Orlando & Ulises

Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling¹
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?——

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place ;——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave ;
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

¹ Scuffle.

Died in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?
[*Ros. faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh
ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you,
draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]



Smurke del

Starling sc

AS YOU LIKE IT
Rosalind, Celia & Oliver
Act IV Scene III

A C T V.

SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;'—a good answer. Art rich?

Wil. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so,' is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Wil. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Wil. No, sir?

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Wil. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish

is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy¹ with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey:—I attend, I attend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persever to enjoy her?

¹ Contend.

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate¹ upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true:

¹ Bestow.

there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—' I came, saw, and overcame : ' for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked ; no sooner looked, but they loved ; no sooner loved, but they sighed ; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid¹ the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowlege, insomuch, I say, I know you are ; neither do I labor for a greater

¹ Invite.

esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,¹ and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study,
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.

¹ Not a phantom.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to
love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you? [to *Ros.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you? [to *Phe.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'why blame you me
to love you?'

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*to Sil.*] if I can:—I would love you, [*to Phe.*] if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, [*to Phe.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*to Orl.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to Sil.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you [*to Orl.*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to Sil.*] love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.¹ Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

¹ A married woman.

Enter TWO PAGES.

1 *Page*. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page*. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

1 *Page*. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 *Page*. I' faith, i' faith : and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.¹

1 Page. You are deceived, sir ; we kept time ; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and God mend your voices !—Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.²

¹ ‘ Though the words of the song were trifling, the music was not good enough to compensate their defect.’—Steevens.

² ‘ As those who fear,—they, even those very persons, entertain hopes that their fears will not be realised ; and yet at the same time know that there is reason for their fears.’—Malone.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*to the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*to Orl.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing? [*to Phe.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe if she will? [*to Sil.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Cel.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.¹

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are
called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is
the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often
met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he
swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to
my purgation. I have trod a measure ;² I have
flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend,
smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three
tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have
fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up ?

¹ Countenance.

² A stately, solemn dance.

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good, my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God ild¹ you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.²

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed: (bear your body more seeming,³ Audrey!) as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was

¹ Reward.

² Malone thinks that this word is capriciously used by Shakspeare for sayings.

³ Seemly.

not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the quip modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the reply churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the reproof valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the countercheck quarrelsome: and so to the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book,¹ as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an if. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought

¹ Shakspeare is here supposed to allude to a formal treatise on duelling, by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594.



Hamilton del.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Hymen, Rosalind, Orlando &c.

Starling sc.

but of an if, as, 'if you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse;¹ and, under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in women's clothes; and CELIA.

Still music.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours:

[to *Duke S.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [to *Orl.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

¹ 'A horse either real or fictitious, by which the fowler sheltered himself from the sight of the game.'—Steevens.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:

[*to Duke S.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he;—

[*to Orl.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*to Phe.*

Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events;

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.¹

You and you no cross shall part;

[*to Orl. and Ros.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*to Oli. and Cel.*

You [*to Phe.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*to Touch. and Aud.*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

¹ Unless truth fail of veracity.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown.
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town :
High wedlock then be honored.
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to
me ;

Even daughter welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word ; now thou art
mine ;

Thy faith my fancy ¹ to thee doth combine.²

[*to Sil.*

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaques de Bois. Let me have audience for a word
or two.

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd ³ a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question ⁴ with him, was converted

¹ Love. ² Bind. ³ Prepared. ⁴ Conversation.

Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding ;
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot ;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music !—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience :—if I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaques de Bois. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honor I bequeathe ; [*to Duke S.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :—
You [*to Or.*] to a love that your true faith doth
merit :—

You [*to Oli.*] to your land, and love, and great
allies :—

You [*to Sil.*] to a long and well-deserved bed :—

And you [*to Touch.*] to wrangling ; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victual'd.—So to your pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime, I :—what you would
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these
rites,

And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished¹ like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,² and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make courtesy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Dressed.

² That I liked.

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‘ From a careful examination we do not hesitate to declare that a more important or interesting accession than this Library to our national literature has not taken place in modern times. No serious or well-arranged plan has been proposed, before this time, for placing the treasures of the classic writers in the hands of readers who were unacquainted with the original. How easily such a plan could be accomplished—how admirably it could be executed—of producing good of every kind—solid instruction with the most ennobling delight—the volumes before us are at once the example and the proof. We might praise the elegance of the work; but a feature of greater importance than is connected with external merits demands our warmest approbation,—we mean the exclusion of every thing offensive to virgin innocence. Thus, for the first time in the course of ages, all the intellectual splendors of Greece and Rome are opened to the modest contemplation of the gentler sex; and a lady can acknowledge an acquaintance with the treasures of ancient poetry without the smallest compromise of her delicacy.’—*Monthly Review*.

‘ We know of no periodical more richly deserving of patronage than the Family Classical Library, and we should esteem it a disgrace to any establishment for the education of either sex, in the library of which this beautiful edition of the most approved translations of the ancients was not to be found.’—*The Bee*.

‘ The efforts of this publisher in the cause of ancient literature are meeting with extensive encouragement, as well for his first project of introducing so long a list of Greek and Latin authors to the notice of the unlearned part of the community in a uniform series, as for the manner in which the promises of using every exertion to render his English translations of the Classics universally acceptable, have been since redeemed.’—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THEOPHRASTUS, with 50 Engravings.

‘ A better stage-coach companion, or one for a weary fireside on a wet day, we could not recommend to those who delight in studying the vast varieties of human character.’—*Athenæum*.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

Menage says, if all the books in the world were in the fire, there is not one which he would so eagerly snatch from the flames as Plutarch. That author never tires him; he reads him often, and always finds new beauties.

